THE

CHARLESTON SPECTATOR,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

If we offend, it is with our good will.—
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. SHAKSPEARE.

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FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

AN ESSAY.

There is somewhere a Latin adage to this purpose. "The times are changed, and we, alas! are changed with them." A more correct apophthegm, never fell perhaps from the lips of the moralist, as it may almost always be found suitable to the age, in which any one may think proper to apply it: it is a rule which will work equally well both ways, for whether the change be for the better or for the worse, it is equally true. This truth, the most superficial observer, may daily find verefied. The man, lolling in the lap of prosperity, revelling in all the delights of pampered greatness, who might perhaps be the first to day to refuse even the common offices of civility to one beneath him, upon the reverse of fortune, to-morrow would prostrate himself at the feet of that same being whom he had so lately affected to despise. Not only the passions of men undergo a material revolution with the varying tide of human events, but also their opinions, which we generally regard as the deliberate result of calm reflection, are almost universally under its controul.

How often does it happen, that he to whom heaven has been less lavish of its bounty, who stands convicted of that most heinous of all earthly crimes, Poverty, is almost an outcast from society. How often do we find that man driven to despair, I had almost said, by the taunts and sneers of a malicious world, and in the bitterness of his heart is often forced to exclaim with the poet:

"And what is friendship but a name,
A sound that lulls to sleep,
A word that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!"—

Our sentiments, naturally enough, derive their colour from our respective situations in life. They are often affected too, by various extrinsic circumstances, foreign to the purpose of this paper to enumerate; but, in every good character there will be certain prominent traits in which he will resemble all other good men. His actions will always be conformable to the plain dictates of morality, and he will be governed by reason and by justice, which have been established by the great founder of right, and which must stand as firm as even the decrees of ate. The principles of right and wrong, are therefore not terms, holding their existence alone in mere speculation, but are fixed by the omnipotent ruler of the universe from the commencement of time itself. However subject then to change may be the things of this world, however fragile this globe on which we tread, although

"The sun himself grow dim with age,
And nature sink in years."

Yet shall the good man and his goodly works, flourish in eternal youth,

"Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

IVAR AND MATILDA.

In the thirteenth century, Ivar, a young man and gallant knight, was enamoured of the beautiful Matilda. Her birth and fortune were inferior; but his generous mind disdained such distinctions. He loved, and was most ardently beloved. The sanction of the king was alone wanting to consummate their happiness. To obtain this, Ivar, in obedience to the custom of the island, presented his bride to Reginald, a gay and amorous prince; who, struck with the beauty and innocence of Matilda, heightened by an air of modesty, immediately, for some pretended crimes, banished Ivar from his presence, and by violence detained the virgin. Grief and indignation alternately swelled her bosom: till, from the excess of anguish, she sunk into a state of insensibility. On awakening, her virtue was insulted by the approaches of the tyrant. She was, however, deaf to his insinuations, and only smiled at his menaces. Irritated at her contempt, and flattering himself that severity would subdue her truth and chastity, he imprisoned her in the most solitary apartment of the castle; where, for some months, she passed the tedious night and day in tears; far more solicitous for the fate of Ivar, than affected by her own misfortunes.

In the mean time, Ivar, failing in an attempt to revenge his injuries, assumed the monastic habit, and Retired into Rushen abbey. Here he dedicated his life to piety; but his heart was still devoted to Matilda. For her he sighed; for her he wept; and, to indulge his sorrows without restraint, would frequently withdraw into the gloomiest solitudes. In one of those solitary rambles he discovered a grotto, which had been long unfrequented. The gloom and silence of this retirement corresponding with the anguish of his mind, he sauntered onward,

without reflecting where the ſubterraneous path might conduct him. His imagination was pourtraying the graces of Matilda, while his heart was bleeding for her ſufferings. From this reverie of woe, he was, however, ſoon awoke, by the ſhrieks of a female. Advancing eagerly, he heard in a voice nearly exhauſted—"Mother of God! ſave Matilda!" while, through a chink in the barrier that now ſeparated them, he ſaw the virgin, with diſhevelled hair and throbbing boſom, about to be ſacrificed to the luſt and violence of Reginald. Rage and madneſs gave new energy to Ivar; who, forcing a paſſage through the barrier, ruſhed upon the tyrant; and, ſeizing his ſword, which lay careleſsly on the table, plunged it into its maſter's boſom.

The tyrant died; and the lovers, through this ſubterraneous communication, eſcaped to the ſea-ſide, where they fortunately met with a boat which conveyed them to Ireland: and in that kingdom the remainder of their years was devoted to the moſt exquiſite of all human felicities; the raptures of a generous love, heightened by mutual admiration and gratitude.

[Dr. Franklin bought his whistle, and profited by it; and as we all have our whistles, would that we all would profit by them as he did. The following story can never be too frequently read, as in fact, it contains a great deal for our consideration.---We shall present it to our readers in the Doctor's own words.

THE WHISTLE. A TRUE STORY.

When I was a child, at ſeven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a ſhop where they ſold toys for children; and being charmed with the ſound of a *whiſtle* that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whiſtling all over the houſe, much pleaſed with my *whiſtle*, but diſturbing all the family. My brothers and ſiſters, and couſins underſtood the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the reſt of the money; and they laughed at me ſo much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whiſtle gave me pleaſure.

This however, was afterwards of uſe to me, the impreſſion continuing on my mind; ſo that often, when I was tempted to buy ſome unneceſſary thing, I ſaid to myſelf, *don't give too much for the whiſtle;* and ſo I ſaved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and obſerved the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many who *gave too much for the whiſtle.*

When I ſaw any one too ambitious of court favours, ſacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repoſe, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it—I have ſaid to myſelf, *this man gives too much for his whiſtle.*

When I ſaw another fond of popularity, conſtantly employing himſelf in political buſtles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect: *He pays indeed,* ſays I, *too much for his whiſtle.*

If I knew a miſer, who give up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleaſure of doing good to others, all the eſteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendſhip for the ſake of accumulating wealth: *Poor man,* ſays I, *you indeed pay too much for your whiſtle.*

When I meet a man of pleaſure, ſacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal ſenſations; *Miſtaken man,* ſays I, *you are providing pain for yourſelf inſtead of pleaſure: you give too much for your whiſtle.*

If I ſee one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ends his career in priſon: *Alas!* ſays I, *he has paid dear, very dear for his whiſtle.*

When I ſee a beautiful, ſweet-tempered girl, married to an ill natured brute of a huſbend—*What a pity it is,* ſays I, *that ſhe has paid ſo much for a whiſtle!*

In ſhort, I conceived that great part of the miſeries of mankind are occaſioned by the falſe eſtimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whiſtles.*

Mr. Martin, in his Bibliotheca, Technologica aſſerts, in his diſcourſe of Ontology, that the exiſtance of the ſoul, is a mere *Ens Rationis*, or Phœnix of Ontologiſts; it brought to my mind the following ſingular relation—

A certain young woman, living in Briſtol, was taken ill of the ſmall-pox: Her mother attended her in her illneſs; —Her father was a clergyman, living more than twenty miles from the city. One night, her ſiſter, who was at her father's, being in bed, heard the voice of her mother lamenting herſelf upon the death of her daughter. This much ſurpriſed her, knowing that her mother was then as far as Briſtol. When ſhe aroſe in the morning, her father, ſeeing her look much concerned, aſked her what was the matter with her? Nothing, ſays ſhe: her father replied, I am ſure ſomething is amiſs, and I muſt know what it is. Why then father, ſays ſhe, I believe my ſiſter Molly is dead; for this night I heard the voice of my mother lamenting her death: ſays her father, I heard the ſame myſelf, and her voice ſeemed to me, to be in the ſtudy. Soon after, the ſame morning, came a meſſenger, with tidings of her death. The deceaſed was brought to her fathar's to be buried, and after the funeral, her mother relating the manner of her daughter's illneſs, and that as ſoon as her daughter was dead, ſhe being weary with watching, and tired for want of ſleep, lay down in her clothes, and dreamed that ſhe was with them telling her grief for the loſs of her daughter. This ſurpriſed them, and aſking the time, it appeared to be much

the ſame in which they heard her voice.

What I deſire is, that any perſon who eſpouſes the principles of Mr. Martin, would by your means inform me, how this fact is to be accounted for, and how theſe texts of ſcripture are to be underſtood, 2 Cor. xii. 2, 3. Luke xxiii. 43. Phil. i. 23, without admitting the exiſtence of ſouls as ſeparated from the body.

Yours, &c. W.——.

REMARKS.

Pope Innocent XI. publiſhed an edict, "commanding women to cover their ſhoulders, their necks and their arms to the wriſts."—Such a law in this country, would certainly be conducive to the health of the Ladies; but the dear creatures are ſo generous, that they would rather ſuffer from the frequent changes of the weather, than ſelfiſhly conceal their beauties! Many of them, it is true, will doubtleſs experience aches and pains in their old age, as a reward for their liberality, and a juſt retribution for the frequent heart-aches, with which they now torment their admirers.

The childiſh expoſure of their elbows is truly ridiculous; and for the better preſervation of the health of thoſe who are mothers and nurſes of the riſing generation, it might be expedient for the legiſlature, to levy a tax upon every woman, who appeared in public with naked arms, elbows, &c. Hence thoſe fair ones, who preferred admiration to gold, might exhibit "according to the Act of Aſſembly."

Modern refinement has ſpread rapidly through this community; inſomuch, that gentility is affected by every claſs of people—By occaſional viſits to the theatre, even the moſt vulgar have caught a few faſhionable words, which they intermingle with their own phraſeology, thus cauſing ſometimes, a moſt curious jargon. The word *woman*, is obſolete, and would be conſidered as a term of reproach, even by an oyſter-wench!—Every individual of the fair ſex, is either a *female* or a *lady*.

Several other words have been diſuſed by the puppyiſm of modern refinement. There is no ſuch thing as *ſweat*, now a-days. Even labourers and butchers' boys, *perſpire*—elegant creatures! Yet, the exudation from the pores was called ſweat by Milton, a man of the moſt exalted taſte and comprehenſive genius; a man, whoſe works will be read with admiration, when our liſping *Automata*, with their *perſpiration*, their *ennui*, and their *a-propos*, ſhall be forgotten.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ON GARDENING.

No. IV.

(Continued from page 154.)

DECEMBER.

In the preceding numbers we have directed the Autumnal plantations for the flower garden, and it is now time to prepare for that of the Spring, therefore as uſual we ſhall begin with,

Flora, or the Pleaſure Garden.

You muſt ſtill continue to protect your beds of tulips, hyacinths, anemones, ranunculuſes, &c. as was directed laſt month; indeed it will be indiſpenſible, while thoſe ſevere cutting ſeaſons continue to purſue the directions there laid down. Early tulips which are potted in October, as alſo early hyacinths, ſpring crocuſes, ſnow drops, dwarf Perſian iris, and polyanthus narciſſus, may towards the end of this month be placed in the hot houſe, or other forcing departments, to produce a winter bloom of flowers, and when they are juſt beginning to flower, ſome of them may be taken in to decorate parlours, and other rooms. Choice auriculas, and carnations, muſt be defended from heavy rains, froſts, and ſnow, but large portions of air muſt be admitted to them every favourable opportunity. The fine polyanthus' and double primroſes, require the ſame treatment. Your double daiſies are to be treated ſtill as was directed laſt month. Early this month, if the weather continue open, you may plant the following bulbous roots, viz. ſnow drops, narciſſus, ſtar of Bethlehem, jonquils, hyacinths, tulips, crocuſes, and other hardy kinds of bulbs, that yet remain out of the ground. It is neceſſary to cover the newly planted beds with ſtraw or other light covering. Continue yet to protect your ſeedling bulbs, ſtock gilly flowers, &c. as before directed. Lay wiſps of ſtraw, together with litter, &c. all around the roots of your choiceſt and tender ſhrubs and trees, and wrap matts around the tops, or even envelope them with long ſtraw in the form of a ſugar loaf, which may be done agreeable to your own fancy.

Pomona, or the Fruit Garden.

You may now carry well rotted old dung, rich earth or compoſt, and ſpread it on the borders, in which are planted, wall, or eſpalier trees, which will protect the roots during winter; ſtandard fruit trees of every kind will be greatly improved by ſimilar treatment, eſpecially if the ground is become poor or any way exhauſted. You may now prune your apple and pear trees; and now all kinds of ſtone fruit trees may be pruned with ſafety. And you may now alſo plant out all theſe kinds with great propriety—The orange tribe is to be excepted.

Chloris, or the Kitchen Garden.

Little more is to be done in the kitchen garden this month, than what was recommended laſt. While the weather proves mild, and the ground continues open, you may dreſs aſparagus and artichoke beds. Take up and put into a ſtate of preſervation, cabbages, turnips, parſnips, carrots, beets, celery, endive, cardoons, ſalſafy, ſcorzonera, &c. this is where you have neglected it in November. Every mild day uncover your cauliflower plants which are under frames and glaſſes, that they may enjoy free air, conſtantly pick off all decayed leaves. The early york, ſugar loaf, and other tender kinds of cabbages require the ſame treatment: but the ſavoy, flat Dutch drum head, and other kinds require leſs care: creſſes, rape, muſtard radiſh, lettuce, &c. may be ſown in hot beds,

and covered with mats. Now you may plant early mazagan, liſbon, long-pod, and windſor beans, and ſow early frame, golden, and Charleſton hotſpur peas, earth up thoſe ſowed laſt month, and cover them from approaching cold. Plant out garlic, rocambole, and ſhallots; likewiſe large onions for ſeed. You may alſo now ſow the ſeeds of rhubarb, ſea kale, ſkirrets, alexanders, dill, and ſuch other ſeed as do not vegitate freely, when kept out of the ground till ſpring.

[*TO BE CONTINUED IN JANUARY.*]

THE TIMES ANATOMIZED IN SEVERAL CHARACTERS.

Si fundamentum toillitur, qui niſi ruina expectatur? If religion, which is the foundation of a kingdom, be taken away, what can be expected but the ruin of the whole building?

The happy reign of a good king makes the whole kingdom to proſper and flouriſh with wealth, peace, and plenty; for, like the ſun, though he move but in one place at once actually, yet he is virtually preſent in all and every part of his dominions, diſpenſing his ſacred influence, as well upon the loweſt as the higheſt: Juſtice hath committed her ſword and balance into his hands; Wiſdom and Power ſupport his throne; and Piety is his continual handmaid.

Rebellion is a poiſonous weed, growing up in a commonwealth by the fatneſs of the ſoil. It may flouriſh for a while, but the ſword of Juſtice doth, in the end, cut it down.

A diſcontented perſon is a disjointed member of the kingdom; one that is fallen out with the world, and will not be reconciled again with it—hardly with himſelf. He is always weary of the preſent time,—not becauſe it is bad, but becauſe *it is preſent*. He extols and commends times paſt, and deſpairs of ever ſeeing the like, but is always deſirous of changes; like ſick folks, thinking unquietneſs would procure reſt.

An ambitious man is a mere bladder, puffed up with the wind of hope. Many times he riſes high, and then, like a rocket in the air, breaks and falls down, to the wonderment of all the beholders.

The vulgar is an untamed monſter, with many heads; and, as the ſea is moved with every puff of wind, ſo are they with every breath of their orators:—they regard not *what* is ſaid, but *who* ſays it.

Pamphlets are the weekly almanacs, ſhewing what weather is in the ſtate. They are the ſilent traitors, that affront majeſty, and abuſe all authority, under the colour of an *imprimatur*. Ubiquitary flies, that have of late ſo bliſtered the ears of all men, that they cannot endure any ſolid truth. The echoes, whereby what is done in one part of the continent, is heard all over.

Good men, like camomile, grow the better for Envy's treading. War is a tragedy, that moſt commonly deſtroys the ſcene whereon it is acted; an unwelcome gueſt, that devours his hoſt; the curſed offspring of her bleſſed parents, Peace and Plenty, both which it deſtroys, and devours, as Pharaoh's lean kine did the fat ones.—War's griping hand ſqueezeth and ſcattereth what good huſbandry had raked together in time of peace.

A ſelf conceited man is one that, looking trough the ſpectacles of ſelf-love, on his own worth, makes every ſmall thing ſeem great in his own conceit,—he looks only upon the flowers of his good actions, but not on the weeds of his imperfections.

An inconſtant man is a wandering ſtar, never fixed in any reſolution. Whatſoever he meant or ſaid is preſently altered, for he meant it not long enough to take impreſſion. All his purpoſes are built upon the floating iſland of his ſeveral humours. He is the beſt enemy that can be, but the worſt friend; for 'tis a wonder if his love or hatred laſt ſo long as *a wonder*.

Death is the univerſal wind, to which all mortals become wind-falls from the tree of life. Sickneſſes and ſleep are as pauſes and parentheſis in the line of life, but death the full-point, the period of the longeſt. He is an archer, that ſhooteth, ſometimes ſhort of us, ſtriking our inferiors; ſometimes at our right hand, depriving us of our friends; ſometimes at our left hand, taking away our foes; and then, at laſt, hits the mark itſelf.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The readers of the "Spectator," will not be diſpleaſed with the following conciſe character of the man, whoſe name they revere. Should the ſubject be conſidered hackneyed, let it be recollected, that it ought never to die; and that few compoſitions in the ſtyle of a "character" of this great and good man have ever been publiſhed.

WASHINGTON, was a perfect example; his character has no parallel. Modern names are diminiſhed before him, and antiquity is rivalled. A general, ſtateſman, magiſtrate, and citizen; his duties were arduous and manifold, and he ſuſtained them without effort.

Guiding the policy of the cabinet with his intellectual, and wielding the ſword of battle with his phyſical ſtrength, he confounded the arts, and defeated the arms of his enemies. He commanded the hearts of his ſoldiers and the reſources of his countrymen; and *his* wiſhes were immediately followed by *their* exertions. His firmneſs was ſo undaunted, his ſubmiſſion to congreſs ſo meekly authoritative, his deciſion ſo moderately determined, and his exploits ſo prudently harraſſing, that, in every viciſſitude of war, his friends were overruled, and his foes overborne by his pre-eminence. Riſing far above common conception, his actions were heroic, his virtues ſublime. No difficulty reached him, that he did not ſurmount, and no paſſion aſſailed him, that he did not overcome. Malignity has accuſed him of cruelty and indifference, but his tears on the death of Andre, and the effuſion of his country's gratitude have completely controled the poiſon of the imputation.

No ignoble deſires for arbitrary ſway were produced by his univerſal popularity, for his magnanimity was more exalted, than his courage. The

vile, who believed him capable of treachery, were mortified: and the weak, who miſtruſted human fortitude, were aſtoniſhed at his noble reſignation of power.

As the abſence of the law of gravitation would involve our ſyſtem in original chaos, ſo at the retirement of Waſhington, the Union aſſumed the aſpect of convulſive diſſolution. He appeared again, and order aſſumed her operation. Oppoſition was ſilenced at the mention of his name, and rebellion retired to her pen. So controlling was his influence, that party breathed only to expire. So patriotic were his motives, that there exiſted no envy however malignant, that ever diſputed his integrity, and incorruption; however hardened that did not tremble at his frown. The powers of his authority ſeemed his natural habiliments—yet his obedience as a citizen, was a pattern for emulation. The relative duties he obſerved with religious attention, and his ſhining talents in public, were equalled only by his philoſophy in domeſtic life.

In Waſhington there was an aggregate of excellence, rather, than any glaring peculiarity. Without thoſe flaſhings of genius, which ſerve only to dazzle the underſtanding, the ſteady light of his intellect concentrated its rays to guide the progreſs of AMERICA to liberty and to fame. He was one of thoſe few characters, which are formed by God, for conducting great events. An epoch in hiſtory will accompany the life of Waſhington. A warlike nation humbled by the ſtruggles of a peaceful one, a government erected by ſocial compact, and a people flouriſhing under the mild influence of thoſe inſtitutions, which they themſelves had conſolidated; theſe are the grand concomitants, with which the name of Waſhington will be adorned for the imitation of poſterity.

TRIBUTE.

LETTER FROM GEN. WASHINGTON,

In a letter addressed to a gentleman of Suffolk, in the Autumn of 1786.

Dear Sir,

I flatter myſelf you will pardon the liberty I have taken in the preſent addreſs. I make it from two conſiderations. In the firſt place, Sir, I do not know any perſon who is better qualified than yourſelf, to point out the object to which my enquiries tend: in the next, I believe few have it equally in their power to execute the commiſſion, which is entruſted to me, with equal diſpatch. To keep you no longer in ſuſpence, I traſmit to you the copy of a letter, which I have lately received, ſo far as it concerns the ſubject of my application—previouſly obſerving, that it is from America.

"Our courſe of huſbandry in moſt of the American ſtates, is not only exceedingly unprofitable, but ſo deſtructive to our lands, that it is my earneſt wiſh to engage a thorough-bred Engliſh farmer, from a part of England where huſbandry is beſt underſtood, & moſt advantageouſly practiſed, to take the charge of a plantation—ſay of *ten* labourers; or, to be more explicit, a farm of *two hundred and fifty* acres of arable land, to be ſtocked with a competent number of ploughs, black cattle, ſheep and hogs. I mean by a *knowing* farmer, one who underſtands the beſt courſe of crops; how to ſow & plough; to mow, trench, hedge and ditch; and who, *Midas like*, can turn *every thing into manure*, as the *firſt tranſmutation* towards *gold*. I do not mean to put you to the trouble of actually engaging one at preſent, as it is now too late for the enſuing year. But I ſhall be obliged to you to loſe no time in making the neceſſary enquiries, and in communicating to you the reſult of them. My views, you will eaſily perceive, are pointed to a farmer of the *middle claſs*, who would, perhaps, beſt anſwer my purpoſe.—But, if you could conveniently extend your enquiries farther, permit me to aſk if one of an *higher rank* could not be obtained? And upon what terms? I mean for a ſteward.

"It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that I have diſcontinued the growth of tobacco; and that it is my intention to raiſe as little Indian corn as may be, as I am deſirous of entering on as complete a courſe of huſbandry, as is practiſed in the beſt farming counties in England. I enquire however for a man of the latter deſcription, with little hopes of ſucceſs: firſt, becauſe I believe one who is completely fit for my purpoſe, *would be above my price*, for I do *not abound in money*. And ſecondly, becauſe I entertain an idea, that an Engliſh ſteward is not *ſo much* a farmer, as he is an attorney or an accomptant. In this, however, I may be miſtaken. In a word, if you could meet with a man, of one, or both theſe deſcriptions, in whom you could abſolutely confide, and would aſcertain his, or their terms, leaving me at liberty to accede to them or not, within a reaſonable time for the interchange of letters, I ſhall be happy to hear from you as ſoon as convenient. A man, in the character of ſteward, if *ſingle*, and his appearance equal to it, would live in the houſe with me, and be at my table. The common farmer would only be on the farm, which would be entruſted to his care."

I have now opened my commiſſion; which I conceive I could not do with greater propriety than in the words of the principal. You will naturally aſk, "who the gentleman is for whom I have undertaken the inquiry?" You have a right to be informed. Were I *only* to ſay; it is a perſon for whom we both have a great veneration, from common report of his public and private character, you would be at a loſs where to fix your conjectures. I will free you, at once, from ſuſpenſe. It is GEORGE WASHINGTON; the man who is looked up to, by the weſtern world, as a pattern of public and of private virtue. But here I ſtop. It is not in my power to paſs an adequate encomium upon one who ſeems no leſs qualified to cultivate the bleſſings of peace, than to preſide in the councils, and direct the operations of war.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

TOSCAR.

AN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

Looks the ſun leſs lively when he breaks from a dark-boſomed cloud? fades the brightneſs of his beams when the rainbow is formed by their rays? Tell me, ſon of the winged

days, can the cold hand of winter rob him of his ſtrength? Shall its whiſtling blaſt tremble in the oak, and forbid the ſummer leaves? Why then ſhould the ſoul of the mighty, ſhrink from the ſtorm of grief? The clouds of ſorrow may hide its brightneſs for a while—but it cannot decay: like the ſun, it ſhall burſt from their dark folds, and the rainbow of returning joy ſhall gliſten in our tears. Thy ſon is not fallen in battle, O chief! The white-armed daughter of thy love, is ſhe not ſeen in thy hall? Yes, behold ſhe comes in the bloom of her lovelineſs—the ſoft ſtep of her light-treading foot is near. *Haſte*, maid of Lutha, to wipe the ſad tear of grief from the cheek of the aged king.—Thy father is ſad, Malvin; the hero has failed in battle. Many were the ſons of the ſtranger—the ſtrength of Ardven melted before them. Thus ſung the bards of Toſcar, in the lofty hall, whilſt the king ſat gloomy by—he thought of his heroes that fell in battle: and ſorrow darkened his ſoul. "And weeps the chief of Lutha," ſaid the maid, with the voice of love "weeps my father for his fallen heroes? Precious are thoſe drops of pity, for many and brave were thy warriors: but thy fame is not departed, O Toſcar! thou haſt not yielded to the ſons of the feeble. Thy foes came like the fierce ſtorm in Ardven; it ſhakes the broad oak of the mountain, and ſtrews its green leaves on the earth.—For awhile it appears in decay, but the ſpring calls its beauty again. Tune your harps, O ye bards! and ſing the deeds of the mighty: the heroes ſhall liſten from their clouds, and joy ſhall fill their airy frames. 'We have recovered our fame,' will they ſay, 'the heroes of Toſcar are not forgotten in the narrow houſe.'"—Joy filled the eyes of the aged king, at the words of Malvin—"Thou art of the race of the mighty," he ſaid, "thou firſt of the maids of Lutha; the ſpirits of thy father dwell within thee; we ſhall conquer in the next of our battles; the heroes that fight for Malvina can never be ſubdued: let your ſongs ariſe, O ye bards, to the wiſh of the lovely maid.

UNA.

THE NECESSITY OF CULTIVATING THE DISPOSITIONS OF CHILDREN.

BY HUGH SMITH, M. D.

The human mind, in its infant opening, has been juſtly compared to a blank ſheet of paper, ſuſceptible of every impreſſion: whence it may be ſuppoſed, children received their prejudices and inclinations from the diſpoſitions of thoſe perſons to whoſe care they are entruſted, in like manner as theſe letters convey the ſentiments of the author.

That any children are born with vicious inclinations, I would not willingly believe. When I hear parents exclaiming againſt the bad diſpoſitions of their own children, I cannot help oftentimes ſecretly condemning the parents themſelves, for introducing ſuch vices into their habits. Inſtinct, even in brutes, produces a tenderneſs for their young—a harmleſs ſociety amongſt their neighbours—a paſſive fear towards their enemies—and violence ſeldom is diſcovered but againſt thoſe animals which nature has appointed for their ſupport. Can we then imagine that a worſe than brutiſh fierceneſs ſhould be naturally diſcernable in our infant ſtate?—that ſpite, malice, anger, and revenge, ſuch diabolical paſſions, ſhould tyranize before we are capable of ſelf-defence? The very ſuppoſition ſeems to me an arraignment of providence in the nobleſt part of the creation, and appears to be inconſiſtent with the juſtice of a benevolent Deity.

It therefore behoves every mother to be watchful of her own conduct, and perfectly ſatisfied of the diſpoſitions of ſuch ſervants as ſhe entruſts with the care of her children, at this ſuſceptible time of life; when even the more affectionately theſe perſons treat them, the worſe conſequences are to be apprehended, if their own tempers are not good: for as children are gratefully fond of thoſe who uſe them kindly, they are by far the more likely to imbibe the bad qualities of an indulgent attendant; and, on the contrary, to profit by good examples.

Objects that attract the eyes are the firſt delighting: the pleaſures from hearing are the next. From ſight and ſound, ideas take their gradual riſe. Hence, a partial fondneſs is formed by children towards thoſe whoſe province it is to attend upon them: and for this reaſon they are more fond of their nurſes, who are conſtantly pratling to them, than of parents neglectful of their infancy.

The want of duty and affection in children towards their parents ſo much to be cenſured, and ſo generally complained of, often proceeds from this early miſmanagement. The indifference alſo of too many parents towards their children, frequently owes its origin to depriving themſelves of the enjoyments of their little ones at this engaging ſeaſon of life. Even to an unintereſted perſon, the expanding of an infant mind is a delightful entertainment; but to good parents, the pleaſure and attachment muſt certainly prove exceedingly more agreeable and laſting. We muſt indeed pity thoſe whom neceſſity deprives of this happy ſolace, but utterly condemn ſuch whoſe inclinations drive their little nurſlings from them. Unnatural and miſtaken perſons, who, if they are puniſhed with undutiful children, ſuffer only in conſequence of their own neglect!

Would you, my tender and conſiderate matrons, wiſh to ſee your children truly amiable? Be then ever careful of yourſelves. Endeavour alſo as much as poſſible to prevent violent exceſs of paſſion in your huſbands. This is a laudable taſk, and much more in the power of women than they generally imagine. Truſt me, my fair ones, truly prudent and good wives, by bending a little to the rugged, headſtrong, and boiſterous diſpoſitions of ſome huſbands, may for the moſt part civilize them; and by their endearing and ſoothing manners, in ſpite of early vicious habits, compel them to a behaviour of tenderneſs and love. Thus, by example of an engaging deportment on your part, you will ſoften their tempers, ſo as to render them good huſbands, good fathers, good maſters, and valuable members of ſociety.

While, on the other hand, vindictive and peeviſh women not only for-

feit this female importance, but too frequently eſtrange their huſbands' affections from them: and need I ſay that this want of harmony and ſincere friendſhip, between man and wife, is a dangerous pattern for their children?

From the ſtrong force of example, it becomes in a manner natural to the children of ſuch perſons to give an unbridled looſe to every impulſe; nay, their emulation is ſoon engaged to become equally tyrannical with their parents. On the contrary, where no ſuch precedents are before their eyes—where impaſſioned and youthful love keeps pace with ſentimental friendſhip—where the polite and well bred man ſhows a virtuous inclination towards his wife; and they both join in a proper regard for their children—how much reaſon have we to expect that their young and tender minds will be impreſſed with virtue! Nay, I dare aver, that, from this rectitude of behaviour, ſuch parents will generally be rewarded with good and dutiful children.

With reſpect to the management of children, how ſhall we draw the line between indulgence and ſeverity? Although they are diametrically oppoſite to each other, it is ſcarcely poſſible to be done; nay, it cannot be determined, ſo as to admit of abſolute deciſion. Children neceſſarily require a different treatment, even from their natural diſpoſition, as it is uſually called; and a conduct indulgent to ſome, will prove the greateſt ſeverity to others. Let it therefore be remembered, that our plan is to ſubdue the firſt irregular emotions in the bud, ſo as to prevent them from riſing into paſſions.

I would, then, at all events, earneſtly recommend temper and forbearance to thoſe who have the government of their infant years. Kind treatment, good words, and a generous encouragement, to moſt diſpoſitions, will prove equal to every thing that you require of them; and if they can be conquered by ſuch laudable and gentle means, you not only carry the firſt points in the moſt eligible manner, but accuſtom them alſo to an obliging behaviour, and excite their emulation to endeavour to pleaſe.

Carefully therefore obſerve every emotion that is praiſe-worthy, and let a reward accompany it; for the encouragement of one virtuous impulſe will have a much happier effect than the correction of a hundred faults.

Such are the impreſſions neceſſary to form a virtuous mind, and they will certainly grow up into their habits. On the contrary, where children's diſpoſitions are untoward; if they be ſubdued by harſh words, threats, and chaſtiſement, how are their tempers ruffled by ſuch treatment!—and what is to be expected but that they conſider ſeverity and violence as the only means for them to obtain any point over others, whom they may have a future occaſion to contend with? What a wretched foundation of perpetual diſquietude!

[*TO BE CONTINUED.*]

TRIFLES.

A wag once reading in a newſpaper, that a Mr Thiſtle, of eighteen, had married Mrs. Clarke, of thirty-eight, obſerved, with a ſmile, "If old Ben Franklin had recorded this marriage in his Journal, he probably would have moralized in ſome ſuch doggrel as this:—

"Experience ſoon will tell this tender Thiſtle,
That he has paid too dearly for his whiſtle."

—

An American Captain was once challenged by a French Officer at St. Domingo to fight him at ſingle combat. The Yankee Skipper had been formerly a South Sea whaler, and, curious to relate! he took the field with his harpoon in his hand, accompanied by his Mate as a ſecond: to the harpoon was faſtened ſeveral fathoms of line. The Frenchman was punctual to his appointment, but was ſoon calmed by the words and geſtures of his enemy; for, ſaid the American Skipper to his Mate, brandiſhing his fiſh-gig, "Jack," ſaid he, "when I ſtrike the Frenchman, you ſtand by to play him!"

—

An American Captain, on approaching Cape Clear, having taken a Pilot on board his ſhip from a cutter that came along-ſide, the Pilot accoſted him with, "Indeed now but I have been looking for you theſe three weeks."—"What, then," ſaid the American Captain, "is my name?"—"Arrah!" rejoined the Iriſhman, "would you be after aſking me your name, now, when you know it ſo well yourſelf!"

—

MARRIED

On the 2nd inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Bowen, Mr. Joſeph Taylor, to Mrs. Mary Willis.

On the 4th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Hollinſhead, Mr. James Clark, to Miſs Sarah Mikell, both of Ediſto Iſland.

—

DIED

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Catharine Burn, aged 45 years.

On the 1ſt inſt. Mrs. Hannah Wells, aged 73 years.

REES' NEW CYCLOPEDIA.

PART I.—VOL. 2,

Is come to hand.—Subſcribers, will pleaſe to ſend early.—Mr. Geo: Walkers' Subſcribers will be ſupplied. Thoſe who have not yet called for the former parts, will do well to recollect, that the ſtricteſt punctuality is neceſſary, when the expenſe of this publication, will exceed 80,000 dollars.

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ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

TO ELIZA.

Remember, Miss, with warmth 'twas said by you,
No man at once could be in love with *two*;
Trusting to that I felt no cautious fears,
But now in love with two o'er head and ears.

ANSWER.

In love with two, you say, presumptuous youth,
Can a divided heart assert its truth?
Or hope that woman's tenderness to prove,
Who feels herself a *sharer* in thy love?
Ah no! you must (believe me **********)
Reject this creed, if e'er you hope the smiles
Of some sweet girl, whose fond assiduous cares,
E'en now, perhaps, the bridal wreath prepares;
With varying feelings of delight and fear,
Perceives, at length. th' eventful hour draw near,
Which stamps the color of her future life,
And gives thee heavn's last dearest gift—*a wife*;
Blest in the gift, O! may thy gen'rous breast
With fond attention lull each care to rest,
Chace every woe, which o'er her gentle soul
Would else assume an undisturb'd control,
With manly *firmness* mild *indulgence* blend,
And in the *husband* ne'er forget the *friend*.

ELIZA.

TO SPLEEN.

Begone! thou yellow, wither'd Hag!
And torture me no more;
For vain is now thy boasting brag,
And feeble grown thy pow'r.

Know! I defy thy threaten'd woes,
And laugh thee e'en to scorn;
Since Hope once more her smile bestows,
And shews a brighter morn.

I guess who 'twas that sent thee here
To harass thus my soul,
But go and tell pale-hearted Fear
I spurn his base controul!

And if Poverty thou should'st meet
Hastening to my door,
Bid her elsewhere to rest her feet,
I'll shelter her no more!

Yet—I'd not use her ill, poor jade!
Because I've known her long;
When friends deserted, still she staid,
And sung her mournful song.

But thou, fell Spleen, hast been of late
So frequent by her side,
'Tis thought you're now decreed by Fate
Ever to be allied.

And as I hate thy haggard mein,
With all thy grissly train,
Let thy detested face be seen
No more upon this plain.

For Friendship with her balmy hand
Shall chase such fiends away;
And smiling Peace, so mild, so bland,
Protect me night and day!

AGNES.

SONNET,—TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh, Disappointment! wing thy wayward flight
Far from my mind to other realms away;
Seize on the soul where sin's eternal night,
With conscious fear, shuts out the hateful day!
Fix thy fierce fang within the callous breast,
Where Hatred holds her terror-striking reign!
Pierce the hard heart, with mercy never blest,
The heart that pities not another's pain!

But never let thy sad oppressive woe
Wound the mild soul attun'd to feeling's throb;
Nor to the form with sorrow bending low,
E'er give occasion for one hapless sob.

Then shall the hours on wings of rapture fly,
No more thy pangs shall cause to grief a sigh.

TO TORRISMOND.

My soul is sicken'd when I see the youth,
That sports and trifles with eternal truth.

When ancient Britain pip'd the rustic lays,
And tun'd to wooden notes of vocal praise,
The dismal dirges caught the listening throng,
And ruder gestures join'd the antique song.

Then the grey druid's grave, majestic air,
The frantic priestess, with dishevell'd hair
And flaming torch, spoke superstition's reign;
While elfin damsels dancing o'er the plain,
Allur'd the vulgar by the mystic scene,
To keep long vigils on the sacred green.

Then Gothic bards might dress the magic tale,
And monkish legends over truth prevail;
As weak credulity, with hood-wink'd eyes,
Had never peep'd behind the thin disguise—
The party colour'd veil, at once inwove
With ignorance, and some faint fears of Jove;
Wrought up to madness by the crafty priest,
While artful politicians saw the jest,
And laugh'd at virtue as a state machine,
An engine fit the multitude to rein;
With more facility to rule mankind,
They lent their efforts to obscure the mind.
Folly and fraud the manly powers debas'd,
And from the soul th' etherial spark eras'd,
Plung'd in the depth of black and dreary night,
No eye could trace on avenue to light.

But from the dark impenetrable shade,
Reason appear'd, a bright, a heav'n born maid;
The moral system, nature's early code,
Improv'd by reason, and the voice of God,
Dispell'd the mists of error's tenfold maze,
And truth triumphant, held a crown of bays.

Celestial reason, thus again restor'd,
Her gentle wand through all the world ador'd,
She reign'd resplendent o'er the human mind,
With brow worn science, hand in hand combin'd,
To prove the powers of the active soul,
That mounts from earth to nature's farthest pole;
'Till Anglia boasts the birth of Locke and Boyle,
And Newton's name adorn'd Britannia's isle;
O'er the learn'd world, this heavenly genius shone,
And light diffus'd as the meridian sun,
Through the vast solar system late defin'd,
By vast exertions of his godlike mind,
And while investigating nature's laws,
He still defended virtue's sacred cause:
At once he taught philosophy to shine,
Own'd and rever'd the oracles divine;
That pens inspir'd had op'd a brighter day,
That revelation lent its heavenly ray
To lift, exalt, and elevate the soul,
To scale the stars, and soar from pole to pole.

But as the clearest hemisphere displays
The wandering star, amidst the radiant blaze,
Of orb o'er orb, that aids the nightly dance,
Of planets rolling through the broad expanse;
Some visionary souls have lost their way,
Eccentric wand'ring 'mid the noon-tide ray.

Thus may, frail man, to wide extremes so prone,
Truth's perfect path by him so little known,
That when emerging from the dismal gloom,
Of night and fable, wrap'd in chaos' womb;
Some danc'd and play'd around the boundless shore,
The depths of erudition just skim'd o'er;
Nurs'd in refinements of a sceptic age,
They spurn the precepts of the sacred page;
Hold revelation but the dream of pride,
The wish of man to be to God ally'd:
Thus the vain reptile of a fleeting hour,
Presumes he knows the plenitude of power.

Through nature's system, through her grand design,
He strips the veil from Providence divine;
Sees clearly through the vast mysterious plan,
Can prove that Heaven forgot its creature, man:

That when to rationals God first gave birth,
And chain'd them down to this low distant earth,
To guide their path lent not one friendly beam,
No intimation of his will supreme;
But the weak reasoner's left to grope his way,
To Jove, Jehovah, or to Bacchus pray,
As he by chance, or caprice, may be led,
Born in Italia, or in Athens bred.

Lost in wild passion—prattling much of fate,
His highest hope a non-existing state;
Yet fears alarm, or secret dread of shame;
His brutal wishes, pride, or love of fame,
Alternate drag him with magnetic force,
'Till infidelity's his last resource;
By turns exploding grace, free will, and fate,
Still apprehensive of some future state,
Suspense distracts his oscillating brain,
'Till —— assures him death shall end his pain.

Ah! Torrismond! poor trembling, doubting youth,
Pale with thy fears, and yet affronting truth;
Come, my young friend, forsake the sceptic road,
And tread the paths superior genius trod;
Leave all the modern metaphysic fools,
To reason on by false logistic rules;
Leave all the quibblers of a mimic age,
By rote to cavil at th' inspired page;
Let learned trash their arguments sustain,
While common sense, ejected from their brain,
They through each jarring incoherence run,
Until entangled in the web they've spun,
They all things doubt but their superior sense,
And live and die the dupes of dark surpense.

Come, spite of low born pleasures, nobly rise,
And seek true happiness beyond the skies,
Ere this short whirl of fancy'd joys are o'er,
When time shall land thee on some unknown shore;
Where truth array'd in silvern robes shall stand,
With justice' sword uplifted in her.

When thy soul quivers on the awful marge,
And death throws ope eternity's broad verge;
When conscience whispers, thy probation's o'er,
Or her soft voice may loud as thunder roar;
With what amaze you'll find the Christian scheme
Is not the product of a brain sick dream.

Then not the wits who grace the lists of fame,
Sanction'd by Hume, or by a Shaftsbury's name,
Or celebrated Voltaire's pointed pen,
Who cheats the weak, or charms ev'n wiser men;
Nor all the train of infidels combin'd,
Can sooth a moment thy immortal mind.

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